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Russia's Effect on the War

In France the advance of the French and British continues, although the check to the British, who lost the village of Fresnoy, south of Lens, on May 8 has not been retrieved. Both British and French are advancing somewhat more rapidly than during the greater part of the Somme offensive of last summer. They are advancing along a front about three times as broad as that of the 1916 Somme offensive. They are close to Lens and St. Quentin; they are about as near even to Laon and Cambrai as they were at this time last year to Bapaume or Peronne. So far as the situation in France, taken by itself, as concerned, the entente enjoys better military prospects than at any time hitherto.

Unfortunately there is the Russian situation. The question of the hour is how much this situation will damage the chances of the Franco-British effort in France. It may be concluded that the overturn of Russian authority has diminished the Russian fighting power more than any reverse, or all the reverses combined, that Russia has hitherto suffered. That unfortunate country has lost not only its Czar, a mediocre chief, who could be spared, both in the military and in the civil organization, but also its best commanders, notably Grand Duke Nicholas and General Ruzsky. Worse still, it has cast off to a great extent the authority which the Duma should have maintained. That unfortunate country lacks today not merely the means to organize its forces or to establish a solid directing authority over its necessary progression, but even the routine powers to enforce discipline among the soldiers, check desertion, assassination, and pillage, or in some cases to carry on the minor actions with the enemy. Conditions cannot yet be said to show any sign of improvement.

Russia for the moment may be treated as Germany's ally. Unless much worse off than the news has given any warrant to suppose, Germany has now on her eastern front and can readily concentrate the men for an advance upon Petrograd or Moscow; probably for advances on both. Of her munition supply we know nothing, save that Germany is hardly employing the full amount of munitions that the surest defense of the front in France would require. It may be that the Germans are short or that they are saving. In any case they are likely to have advantage in munitions over the Russians, whose contract arrangements have been profoundly disturbed by the downfall of the government, whose own factories are upset by social unrest, and whose credit for foreign purchase is affected.

Under these conditions Germany has preferred thus far to treat her eastern opponent with persuasion and to do her chief fighting in the west. It may well be that Germany would prefer a peaceful settlement, throwing Russian food resources open to her and releasing a million men or more against France, but it must be in the Germans' mind that revolutions seldom of their own will make peace. Like all new and weak governments, that in Russia dare not provoke its subjects by signing away its nation's soil and ambitions. Therefore, the German counselors must realize, peace with present Russia is almost beyond the abilities of the ablest negotiators to arrange. The alternative is a Russian campaign, triumphant very likely but likely to lead to nothing of advantage, creating only devastated areas, starving populations, and still stranger political changes in Russia.

Neither has Germany brought her reserves from the Russian front as yet to France. Their displacement is no small effort. It would interfere with the sudden offensive against Russia, which Germany may contemplate as the alternative if peace efforts fail to avail. Some few divisions have apparently been brought for the reason that they were needed. The battle in France is in truth one of the greatest of the war, not merely in size but in military issues. Each side is trying to use up the other; for Hindenburg, who apparently drew back his troops from the Somme in the expectation of a separate peace with the Czar and a German return to the offensive on the Lens-Cambrai-St. Quentin-Laon front, has been forced by the Czar's overturn and the violent attacks of the French and British to fight in self-defense, and without armies from the east. He has been obliged to change his plans, extemporize, hurry up reserves and sacrifice men against superior artillery, all because, with the very good luck of a Russian breakdown coming to Germany, he had apparently counted too greatly on the still better luck of a sudden separate peace with the Czar.

late in March. Prospects overlaid have thus put Germany in a situation where she is losing men heavily and stands some chance of being exhausted beyond the possibility of further attack or defense in France. It is a battle to see whose strength first comes to an end, and its loss would wipe out the lease of life that Russia's troubles of the past two years have given to the Kaiser's hopes.

Disorganization in Germany

The news that filters through from Germany contains such items as the demand for the resignation of Zimmermann and Bethmann-Hollweg, rumors of the elevation of Bernstorff, discontent with the conduct of the war, reaction against the extreme demands of Junkerism, insistence on constitutional reforms without waiting for the end of the war, increasing boldness of Socialist criticism, and growing dismay at the failure of German arms and strategy on the western front.

Promises are made and broken that the terms of peace will shortly be outlined, the imperial government being in the dilemma of confessing too much by liberal terms and of instigating revolt by claiming too much. The duty of America is to prepare for a long and arduous struggle, yet the signs of disorganization in Germany are not to be overlooked.

Corn for the Allies

With wheat above three dollars a bushel, the people of the United States will make more bread from cornmeal. The people of the South have an initial advantage in knowing by long experience how to procure good meal for cooking purposes and then how to cook it. Its preparation for the table takes on various forms, rivaling the famous fifty-seven varieties of another edible. There is ash-cake and hoe-cake and corn pone, egg-bread and batter-bread, misnamed spoon-bread, corn muffins, and butter-cakes. Mush and hominy, the latter of several kinds, lye-hominy, big hominy, and grits, are staple dishes for the table in the lower South. Even parched corn proved itself capable of sustaining the lives of soldiers in the Revolution and the civil war.

But while Americans learn to eat the various dishes that are made from the products of Indian corn, why should not our allies learn also? Why not mobilize a detachment of colored cooks from the South and send them to Britain and France with cargoes of corn? It may mean the difference between a well-nourished and a half-starved population. The demand for such products created now may increase with familiar use when the war is over. Wheat will still be the king of grain-foods but corn certainly ranks far above the rye and barley that form so large a part of the bread of European peasants.

Precious Days Wasted

Chairman Dent, of the Military Affairs Committee, did well to attempt an explanation to the House of the long delay in bringing in a conference report. When a delay of ten days takes place in the very authorization necessary for the formation of an army, there is need of explanation and of apology. If France or Britain had been afflicted with a Parliament as much inebriated with its own verbosity as this War Congress is, Paris would have fallen and Calais been taken and England invaded, before any action was taken to prevent.

Congress convened on April 2. This is the fourteenth day of May. The bill providing for an army has not yet passed either house in final form. A month's delay may well mean disaster in one or two ways. Either the troops will be sent to the front too late, or they must be hurried there a month before they have been properly trained.

And every one knows that debate in Congress does not change votes. Speeches are made to a half-dozen men in either house and are not even published in the Record for information before the vote is taken. They are so evidently intended for home consumption as to disgust those who read.

There is no disposition anywhere to prevent Congress from legislating, but that process is one of voting and not of talking. Let the vote be hurried and debate be confined to those who have some real contribution to make. The delay in the passage of the war measures is a growing scandal and only a limitation of debate will save the day.

If Marshal Joffre can persuade those French Canadians to enlist, the most important part of his mission to America will have been accomplished. New York's Jeers at the pacifist Middle West have suddenly ceased. The recruiting figures give Indiana 90 per cent of her quota; Illinois, 50 per cent, and New York, 25. Pennsylvania leads the Eastern States with 40 per cent enlisted.

Governor Bickett of North Carolina declares that the professional baseball players of that State should be in a trench or in a furrow. Considering the professionals of North Carolina, the advice is well taken.

Don Marquis' Column

When Humorists Get Together.
The American Press Humorists will hold their fifteenth annual convention in New York the last week in June. A pleasant time is expected to be had by all.

There are said to be dues; but the treasurer, J. A. Waldron, editor of Judge, isn't quite sure. He thinks it may be only a rumor. He hasn't seen any lately.

The President is Mr. Dixon Merritt, of Nashville, Tenn., author of the immortal poem beginning "I am a little bird in the pelican, his beak holds more than his belief."

Just to get the convention started right a Chestnut Tree will be planted in City Hall Park, New York, early in the week.

It is the emblem of the order. Willie Collier, by invitation, will lay the cornerstone of the tree, plant it, and unveil it with a few choice remarks.

It has been suggested that after the planting and unveiling of the Chestnut Tree the convention go and make remarks to the Laughing Hyena in the Bronx Zoo. There is nothing calculated to encourage an association of humorists like truly spontaneous mirth.

Of course, the Zoo people might not be willing to allow us to use their Hyena. Since the war, we understand, Hyenas have gone up.

The suggestion has been made that after we add to the hilarity of the Hyena, we go over and tickle the trout in the Aquarium.

Stripping Up Wilhelm.
(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)
"Not are the bugles blowing forth," asked Files-on-Parade.
"To celebrate! To celebrate!" the Color Sergeant said.
"Not mikes you look so glad, so glad?" asked Files-on-Parade.
"I'm glad to see you going to watch," the Color Sergeant said.
"For they're hanging Bill the Kaiser." You can hear the Dead March play! The regiment's in 'ollow square! They're 'anging Bill today. They're taken off 'is uniform, an' 'chucked 'is crown away! An' they'll string up Bill the Kaiser in the mor'nin'!"
—MORROWBY JUKES.

From a real estate ad: "Over a hundred years ago they built the house around a big stone chimney, with a big fireplace, bake oven, crane and pot hooks. Last spring they installed a bath."

Table Golf.
Sir: The writer is endeavoring to formulate rules for a game that has been played in a haphazard manner and requests the aid of your readers in systematizing it.
It is played by those of us who can not afford the time or money to play golf, and who have no tools other than those furnished by "the best 25-cent meal in the city," and forms a very exciting game for noontime; it is known as Table Golf.
The course is any smooth wooden or marble top table, the ball is the butter, the club is the knife, while the hole is bread or biscuit.
To play, you take a knife in a hot biscuit, and cutting a piece of butter with it endeavor to convey the said butter a distance of at least six inches to the biscuit. If you succeed you call that a hole in par; if, however, it drops on the table top the real fun begins. You chase it through all the hazards of salt cellar, crust, sugar bowl, etc., until you finally corner it at the water glass and triumphantly hole out in (possibly) six. If the butter melts before you hole out you call that a lost ball and start all over again.
You can see what an interesting and exciting game this could be made if it had proper rules.
N. W. T. GOLF.

The Bride of the Sea.
Oh, the north winds June
O'er the white-capped spume,
The tide runs strong and free;
There's the moon's own gleam
Where the waves draw down
Under the deep-green sea.
Here I lie within a placid, land-locked bay,
Here, before the march of time, I rot away.
Here the voices come strong to me of the irritable sea,
And the restless ocean's song be- comes a faint, far cry.
As it falls and rises on the eerie night-wind's play.
How my heart is bursting for the open surge,
Where the emerald and purple billows urge,
God of Waters, hear me yet, let my decks be once more wet
With the hurrying, wildly flying spray—
—or make me to forget.
Either that, or sink me where the angry waters merge.

Once I was the ocean's bride, and gayly sped
Strong before the blowing gale, with canvas spread,
Thrilling to the roaring blast, rushed
Now I'm nothing but an antiquated clipper that has passed;
Let my loved one's careless billows meet above my head.

Oh, the north winds June
O'er the white-capped spume,
The tide runs strong and free;
There's the moon's own gleam
Where the waves draw down
Under the deep-green sea.
—LYON MEARSON.

The Germans will like their war still less when the full bill for it comes in.
We don't hear much of Pancho Villa and Jack Johnson these days.
DON MARQUIS.

20,000 BAGS YAWN IN WAR ON WASTE
Settlement Homes to Start Collecting Next Week

AUTHORITIES INDORSE PLAN

Rags and Discarded Clothing to Go to Charity Melting Pot.

If your eye falls on a discarded rug or piece of clothing today, don't obey the impulse to toss it out into the back yard for the ash man. Put it aside and save it for collectors from Washington's four settlement houses. More than 20,000 paper bags were distributed in the homes of District citizens last week for waste scraps, old shoes, and bits of discarded clothing. These will be collected this week by wagon drivers from the four settlement homes. It is the initial drive of the settlement homes in the "war on waste" campaign.

Indorsed by City Authorities.
Every bit of waste material collected by the agents of the settlement homes will be turned to benefit in some way, Mrs. Clara D. Nellig, secretary of the committee from Neighborhood House which is attending to waste collection, declared. She also said the movement has been indorsed by the health and fire authorities.

Henry P. Blair is president of the Friendship Settlement, and Mrs. William G. Stuart, secretary. Mrs. Henry Cleveland Perkins is head of the Noel Settlement, and Mrs. Myron Whitney is head of the committee attending to waste collection. Miss Sophie Siebert is president of the Neighborhood House.

The colored settlement, with its troops of Boy Scouts and industrial classes, is working hard to co-operate with the movement of the other homes to "war on waste." Trucks will be sent through the city as soon as indications point to a sufficient number of bags being filled.

Want Only Discarded Stuff.
"We do not want housewives to think we are trying to collect clothes which are of value," said Mrs. Nellig. "What we want is the discarded clothing around the home, that cannot be used to advantage. We hope to teach a profitable lesson in economy, in addition to removing waste material from District homes. Children should be taught by parents and teachers never to throw anything away that can be used again in making new material."

The soul of the flag.
Why do they say "blood-red" of the flag,
When describing her colors to you?
Because the blood of a nation flowed
And dyed it that lustrous hue.

CAMPERS EAGER FOR WAR WORK CONGRESS
Two Hundred Delegates Will Tell of Women's Part.

The young women who make up the National Service Training Camp on Conduit road are keenly anticipatory of the opening tomorrow afternoon of the Congress on Woman's Work in War Time, which will convene at the encampment.

Over 200 delegates, prominent women from every section of the country, have arrived for the congress, each armed with valuable suggestions in regard to the part that women can take in time of war.

Discussion of Red Cross work will take up the greater part of the first session. Wednesday's session will be devoted to all features of war work which are not directly connected with the Red Cross.
Miss Mabel T. Boardman, member of the central committee of the Red Cross, will preside. Others who are scheduled to speak the first day are Eliot Wadsworth, chairman, and Miss Jane Delano, chairman of the nursing service.
Everything at the service camp assumed a rarely achieved "back and forth" in the case of the campers, as expecting Rear Admiral de Chair, of the British war mission, and his staff on a tour of inspection some day this week.

John Barrett was the speaker at the regular Monday lecture at the camp this afternoon, taking for his subject "Actual Battles, Front and Rear."

SEES END OF WAR IN TWO HUNDRED YEARS
Russian General Also Sees the End of Europe.

LONDON, May 14.—The Petrograd correspondent of the Evening Star, describing General Dragomiroff, who succeeds General Brusilov, as commander of the Russian western front, declares he is one of the most intelligent generals in the army.
"He talks eagerly on philosophy," says the correspondent, "yet he is one of the most popular of the fighting men who have made a name for themselves in the war. While in command of a certain section of the front he heard that an attack had broken down. He rode his horse into the front line trenches, where the men were being driven back, and he wanted a better salute than a mere wave of the arm. He so encouraged his men that they went forward and attained their objectives, refusing to be driven back."
The correspondent thought the war would last, General Dragomiroff said he thought it would last 200 years, and proceeded to develop a theory proving that a shorter duration was quite impossible. He admitted that there would be intervals when the war would be a depression in the sidewalk on Florida avenue, near Seventh street north-west, two years ago.

The plaintiff was represented by Attorney Levi H. David.

LETTERS TO THE TIMES FROM ITS READERS

He Voted a Complaint About Congress and the Departments.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:
The two houses of Congress are like men squabbling over the best way of putting out a fire, and whether this man or that man shall be called to help to do it, while the house burns down.

The departments of the Government, with their precise forms for doing business and narrow, legalistic interpretations are like small shopkeepers suddenly called on to fill wholesale orders. They cannot do it, not even if they sit up half the night with their jobs, as many of them are doing. What is imperative is a change of method. Everything is "balled up."

It is a time to see things large, to cut out red tape, and endless talk; to discard partisanship and personal jealousies, to speed up the Government, to find swift ways of doing business in all the departments. As a nation we seem to be asleep or half asleep in the face of the greatest peril that has ever threatened us.

ERWIN F. SMITH.

Pleas for Welfare of Dependents of Soldiers Who Quit Homes to Fight the Nation's Battles.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:
Why? Yes, why? And write it down with a big W, too. Why don't the Government pay "our" soldiers even more than \$25 per month? Thirty-five would be little enough, so make it \$45 and retain a per cent to hand to every child and wife of the "family" \$40 much to each soldier and send the balance to the family, often left in straitened circumstances by the absence of the man. If the Government forcibly takes away the support of the family it should see that destitution does not follow such an act.

Let's discuss this question in the open and see what is just. How about paying each soldier \$20 a month and the "family" \$25? If two soldiers go from one home pay the "family" \$40 per month and each boy \$20 and so on.

The burden of war falls heavily on those who stay at home when they are in "small circumstances." When the son is at home and helping—and in some cases the only support of his family—what think you is to become the "old folks" and the young soldiers brother just coming out? So long of the nation, put your heads together and solve this question.

MARY B. ANTHONY.

The soul of the flag.
Why do they say "blood-red" of the flag,
When describing her colors to you?
Because the blood of a nation flowed
And dyed it that lustrous hue.

Why do they say "soul-white" of her, As they gently touch a star?
Because a nation's soul is wrapped
In every pure-white bar.

Why can we call our dear one dead?
Because we call him dead?
Would rather have our bodies dead—
Than have a nation die.

MARGARET ELSON,
Public School, District of Columbia.

Use of High "Greens" Will Help Reduce Cost of Food.
To the Editor of THE TIMES:
While the cost of food is advancing, and in some instances it cannot be had at any price, we are letting ourselves go to waste, either from ignorance or laziness, in the use of our own gardens.

Allow me to call your attention to an article in yesterday's issue under the caption, "War Billions Will Stay Home," by Y. E. Bokor, Jr. It is a splendid one, and should have wide publicity. The average layman has a hard time understanding this matter, and to tell the plain truth many bankers can be included. This article, or a similar one, should be run in every paper in the country, and should be read by every citizen. It is growing in popularity all the time; it has improved wonderfully in the past year.

C. I. REID.
517 Carmen St., Alexandria, Va.

A Message From the Monument.
You have set me up as a tribute to a grand and wonderful man,
And I've taken the burden upon me to serve you if I can.

Just be true to his lofty life, forget your gain and greed,
Break away from party and plotting, be true to your land in its need.

You have raised me up in your city,
Which is head and heart of the land,
And its name is powerful—wonderful—a beacon—a burning brand!
It stands for the flaming words:
Liberty, Honor, Truth!

It leads the hope of the nations and colors the visions of youth:
Oh, turn to my lofty needs and see with the inner eye
How I point each man to his duty as I raise my hand to the sky!

And I stand here high above you in stormy weather and fair,
I gaze on you, gloat on you, love you, as a mother in constant prayer!

And I plead for the needs of my people with the merciful God of the skies,
For their sins and their greed and omissions—for the truth to enlighten their eyes.

And I call down blessings upon you, I ask for the wisdom and power to lead you, to guide and to guard you in the crucial need of the hour.

My heart is stricken with anguish that the blood of my sons must flow,
But the world is weary of warring, and the nations need your blow.

In all righteousness make ready, for the needs of the hour compel: May you bring to a swift completion the strife—which is worse than hell!

Oh, join in my prayers my nation! Draw down from my shining crest Power and strength and wisdom, and treasure them in your breast! Then fight for the right of Freedom! Hurl out to the ready breeze The glorious folds of our banner and cleanse the scourge from the seas!

PAUL HARRINGTON HAZZARD.

TO TIMES READERS

The Times is receiving great numbers of letter from its readers. No communication which does not carry the name and address of the contributor will be used, but both will be considered confidential if requested is made.

Publication will not be made of letters on untimely subjects or religious questions. It will not publish abusive personal attacks nor criticism which The Times deems unwarranted by the facts as it knows them.

No record is kept of unpublished letters and none will be returned unless postage is inclosed.

a hundred and one things too numerous to mention.

I could mention other things a present-day up-to-date soldier has to undergo. He is not a hero, if he does not thoroughly understand, a whole company, battalion or division may be shot to pieces and wiped out by one or several mistakes of his.

If England had got busy when Lord Roberts gave her a fair warning, something like fourteen years ago, she would have held, or may have done, a host of her sons who transferred to climates under more practical and sensible management and rule. I am an Englishman and consider I know a little of what is what and who is who. And it is my earnest hope that the Government of these United States will use their practical men without fear or favor.

K. LEE.

Was ever a face so sweet and fair,
And had such goodness cheeled there?
Was ever a smile so pure and grace
As the smile that lit our Mother's face?

Never, no, never!
Was ever a heart more tender and true,
Or faithful all the long years through?
Was ever a love so warm and deep
As hers that wooed our eyes to sleep?

Never, no, never!
Shall we forget our Mother's away?
That peerless soul that led the way?
Who never invoked the basile of fame?

To brighten the honor of her name?
Never, no, never!
Fain would I rest again in her lap
And wait away in an endless nap.

Never again to awaken and roam
Away from Mother, love, and home.
Never, no, never!

Gladly I'd sleep as when she kept
Her eyes on the cradle in which I slept;
Never again to stray and rove
Beyond the realm of Mother's love.

Never, no, never!
Old and gray and bowed with years,
And eyes bedimmed with sacred tears,
I ask my soul, shall Heaven hear
A sweeter name than "Mother," there?

Never, no, never!
In the eternal home, shall we
A brighter angel than Mother see?
Or shall we wish to find our Mother?
To take the place of faithful Mother?

Never, no, never!
JOHN RICHARD WEATHERS.

Grateful for Article on the War Billions.
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Protests Against Leaving Flag Out All Night.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:
I wish to protest against the practice of keeping our national flag hanging out all the time, through the night and through rain. It will rot the flag and in that way desecrate it. There are rules concerning the proper display of the flag which should be observed. It should be displayed from sunrise to sunset only, and at all times protected from the rain.

JOHN R. WEATHERS.
17 Iowa Circle.

Would Have "Marcelline" Adopted As American Song.
To the Editor of THE TIMES:
In memory of the visit of the French commission to the United States, and as a mark and proof of a virtual alliance with France in the glorious cause of liberty, I venture to propose that the "Marcelline" be added to the national songs of America.

In this superb cry of freedom, the most stirring martial music that was ever composed for a battle song is united to words which are equally magnificent, which breathe the very soul of liberty and republicanism in deadly conflict with tyranny and despotism; and which are, moreover, singularly attuned to the present tremendous crisis.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.
Chicago, Ill., May 8.

Who formed the seat of the west wind's birth,
And the matrix of virgin gold?
Who gave the diamond its brilliant facets,
Who fashioned the flower's mold?

Who glided the gleam of the countess' eyes,
That are swinging in endless space?
Of Neptune and Venus and Saturn and Mars,
And the rest of the planet race?

Who quickened the speed of the wild duck's wing,
Who mellowed the notes of the birds that sing,
In the depth of the woodland shades?

Who gave to the poppy its scarlet crest,
That sways to the evening breeze?
Who tinted the eggs in the robin's nest,
Who poured out our glittering seas?

Who etched the frowns on the mountain's brow,
With its features of fern and vine?
Who draped it with laurel and mistletoe,
And with chestnut and oak and pine?

Who pencilled the path of the milky way,
On the heavens of azure blue?
Who painted the blush at the dawn of day?
Who silvered the evening dew?

Who surveyed the route of the rambling brook,
With its ripples and rills and its eddy?
Who followed and flowered the course it took?
By Jove—one would think—'twas Teddy.

EDWARD EVERETT BELL.
Leonia, N. J., April 30, 1917.

Believe Prospect of Deportation to America Would Induce Many German Soldiers to Surrender.
To the Editor of THE TIMES:
I notice in the public press and Congressional Record that Senator Hale has introduced in the Senate a joint resolution (S. J. Res. 50) authorizing the President to make an offer to take over and care for prisoners of war captured from Germany. (Of course such humane beings are not desired in the free land and should be forever excluded.)

The forces opposing German butchery could use the information based upon the above resolution to good advantage at this time by a wide publicity campaign in spreading the information in the rear of and along the supposed German lines, calling attention to the action taken by the United States, and by stating in glaring headlines that "all who surrender or are captured as prisoners of war will be taken care of and become eligible to American citizenship."

This (S. J. Res. 50) should "die a-borning" in the files of the committee, but as it is fair in war, reference to it in the manner suggested would produce a condition in the German army that would hasten the dawn of peace, and demolish and diminish the efficiency of Prussianism and end Kaiserism.

J. M. M.

Let's Go.
I am tired of this talk of conscription; I am bored with this battle verbose; For I never read the prescription.

What I know I should swallow the dose.
So you can entice me or draft me— I'll fight just as hard either way, And there'll never be Bosches about me.

Is all I will bother to say.

I wish that the gods of decision Would come for awhile on the Hill, And quicken the atrophied vision Of Claude and of Bob and of Bill, There are thousands of us who are ready.

To suffer and do to the end, We would like to enlist under Teddy, But we'll fight for whoever you send.

Despite all this pacifist prattle, There is something coeval with life— The lust for the thrill of the battle, The thrill that is in the strife.

Delay not the task, lest you stifle The spirit you count on to win, The forum should yield to the rifle! Just give us the chance to get in!

G. H. C.

Advise British of German Design To Divert Gulf Stream, and Freeze Up Alibon.
To the Editor of THE TIMES:
A German citizen and a man of good character, but one of those subtle believers in the almightiness of the governing powers in the Fatherland, just informed me that the Kaiser has concluded to change the course of the Gulf Stream with the object of freezing up England.

The British government certainly ought to be advised of this devilish design.

PEARCE'S JONES.